

The Winchester Appeal.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER---DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LOCAL INTERESTS, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, MECHANIM, EDUCATION---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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The Winchester Appeal

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fill them in a manner that will give satisfaction
to all whom favor us with their patronage.

A NOBLE EXAMPLE.

My tale is simple, and of humble birth;
A tribute of respect to real worth.

"You are too parsimonious, Henry,"
said Mr. Delancy to one of his clerks,
as they were together in the counting-
room one morning. "Give me leave
to say you do not dress sufficiently gen-
tle to appear as clerk in a fashion-
able store."

Henry's face was suffused with a
deep blush, and, in spite of his endeav-
ors to suppress it, a tear trembled on
his manly cheek.

"Did I not know that your salary was
sufficient to provide more genteel hab-
illiments," continued Mr. D., "I would
increase it."

"My salary is sufficient, amply suf-
ficient, sir," replied Henry, in a voice
choked with emotion, but with that
proud independence of feeling which
poverty had not been able to divest
him of. His employer noticed his agi-
tation, and immediately changed the
subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense
wealth and ample benevolence; he was
a widower, and had but one child, a
daughter, who was the pride of his de-
clining years. She was not as beau-
tiful as an angel, or as perfect as a
Venus; but the goodness, the inno-
cence, the intelligence of her mind,
shone in her countenance, and you had
but to become acquainted with her,
to admire and even love her. Such
was Caroline Delancy when Henry
first became an inmate of her father's
house. No wonder, then, that he soon
worshipped at her shrine--no wonder
that he soon loved her with a deep and
devoted affection; and reader, had you
known him, you would not have won-
dered that his love was soon returned,
for their souls were congenial; they
were cast in virtue's purest mould--
and although their tongues never gave
utterance to what their hearts felt,
yet the language of their eyes was too
plain to be mistaken. Henry was the
very soul of honor, and although he
perceived with pleasure that he was
not indifferent to Caroline, he still felt
he must conquer the passion that glow-
ed in his bosom.

"I must not endeavor to win her
young and artless heart," thought he;
"I am penniless, and cannot expect
that her father would ever consent to
our union. He has ever treated me
with kindness, and I will not be un-
grateful."

Thus he reasoned, thus he heroic-
ally endeavored to subdue what he
considered an ill-fated passion. Car-
oline had many suitors, some of whom
were worthy of her, but she refused
all their overtures with a gentle, yet
decisive firmness. Her father won-
dered at her conduct, yet would not
thwart her inclination. He was in the
decline of life, and wished to see
her happily settled ere he quitted the
stage of existence. It was not long
ere he suspected that young Henry was
the cause of her indifference to others;
the evident pleasure she took in hear-

ing him praised, the blush that over-
spread their cheeks whenever their
eyes met, all served to convince the
old gentleman, who had not forgotten
that he was once young himself, that
they felt more than a common inter-
est in each other's welfare. He for-
bore making any remarks on the sub-
ject, but was not displeased at the sup-
position, as the penniless Henry would
have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year
in his employ. Mr. D. knew nothing
of his family; but his strict integrity,
his irreproachable morals, his pleasing
manners, all conspired to make him
esteem him highly. He was proud of
Henry, and wished him to appear in
dress, as well as in manners, as respec-
table as any one. He had often won-
dered at the scantiness of his
wardrobe; though he dressed with the
most scrupulous regard to neatness, his
clothes were almost threadbare. Mr.
D. did not wish to think that this
proceeded from a niggardly disposition,
and he determined to broach the sub-
ject, and if possible, to ascertain the
real cause. This he did in the man-
ner we have before related.

Soon after this conversation took
place, Mr. D. left home on business--
As he was returning, and riding thro'
a beautiful little village, he alighted
at the door of a cottage, and requested
a drink. The mistress, with an ease
and politeness that convinced him she
had not always been the humble cot-
tager, invited him to enter. He ac-
cepted the invitation--and here a
scene of poverty and neatness presen-
ted itself, such as he had never before
witnessed. The furniture, which con-
sisted of nothing more than was abso-
lutely necessary, was so exquisitely
clean that it gave charms to poverty,
and cast an air of comfort all around.
A venerable looking old man, who had
not seemed to notice the entrance of
Mr. D., sat leaning his head on his staff
--his clothes were clean and whole,
but so patched that you could have
scarcely told which had been the origi-
nal piece.

"That is your father, I presume?"
said Mr. D., addressing the mistress of
the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty-third year; he
has survived all his children, excepting
myself."

"You have once seen better days?"

"I have--my husband was wealthy;

but false friends ruined him; he en-
dorsed notes to a great amount, which
stripped us of nearly all our property,
and one misfortune followed another
until we were reduced to complete
poverty. My husband did not long
survive his losses; and two of my chil-
dren soon followed him."

"Have you any remaining child-
ren?"

"I have one and he is my only sup-
port. My health is so feeble that I
cannot do much; and my father being
blind, needs great attention. My son
conceals from my knowledge the a-
mount of his salary; but I am con-
vinced that he sends me nearly all, if not
the whole of it."

"Then he is not at home with you?"

"No sir; he is a clerk for a merchant
in Philadelphia."

"Clerk for a merchant in Philadel-
phia! Pray what's your son's name?"

"Henry W--."

"Henry W--" reiterated Mr.
D., "why, he is my clerk!--I left him
at my house not a fortnight since."

Here followed a succession of in-
quiries, that evinced an anxiety that
a mother only could feel to all of which
Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfac-
tion.

"You know our Henry?" said the old
man, raising his head from his staff--
"Well, sir, then you know as worthy a
lad as ever lived--God will bless him
for his goodness to his poor old grand-
father," he added in a tremulous voice,
while the tears ran down his furrowed
cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow, to be sure,"
said Mr. D., rising and placing a well-
filled purse in the hands of the old man.
"He is a worthy fellow, and shall not
want friends."

"Noble boy!" said he mentally, as
he was riding leisurely along, rumina-
ting on his late interview--"Noble
boy, he shall not want wealth to en-
able him to distribute happiness. I be-
lieve he loves my girl, and if he does,
he shall have her, and all my property
in the bargain."

Filled with this project, and deter-
mined, if possible, to ascertain the true
state of their hearts, he entered the
breakfast room the morning after his
arrival at home.

"So, Henry is about to leave us, and

go to England to try his fortune," he
carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave us?" said Car-
oline, dropping the work she held in
her hand--"about to leave us, and go-
ing to England!" she added, in a tone
which evinced the deepest interest.

"To be sure. What if he is, child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing; only I thought
we should be rather lonesome," turn-
ing away to hide the tears which she
could not suppress.

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. D. ten-
derly, "tell me, do you not love Henry?"

You know I wish your happiness, my
child; I have ever treated you with
kindness; and you have never until
now hid anything from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied,
hiding her face; "I do most sincerely
esteem him; but do not, for worlds,
tell him so; for he has never said that
it was returned."

"I will soon find that out, and with-
out telling him, too," replied the fath-
er, leaving the room.

"Henry," said he, as he entered the
counting-house, "you expect to visit
the country shortly, do you not?"

"Yes sir, in about four weeks."

"If it will not be too inconvenient,"
rejoined Mr. D., "I should like to have
you defer it a week or two longer."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir; and
if it will oblige you, I will wait with
pleasure."

"It will most certainly oblige me;
for Caroline is to be married in about
five weeks, and I would not miss hav-
ing you to attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married sir!" said
Henry, starting as if by an electric
shock; "Caroline to be married!--is it
possible?"

"To be sure it is. But what is there
wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir, only it is rather sud-
den, rather unexpected--that's all."

"It is rather sudden, to be sure," but
I am an old man, and wish to see her
have a protector; and as the man of
her choice is well worthy of her, I see
no use in waiting any longer, and am
very glad that you can stay to the
wedding."

"I cannot, sir, indeed I cannot!" re-
plied Henry, forgetting what he had
previously said.

"You cannot?" rejoined Mr. D.--
"Why, you a moment ago said you
would."

"Yes, sir, but business requires my
presence in the country, and I must
go."

"But you said it would put you to
no inconvenience, and that you would
wait with pleasure."

"Command me in anything else, sir;
but, in this respect, I cannot oblige
you," said Henry, rising and walking
the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his pas-
sion subdued; but when he found that
Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to
become another's, the latent spark
burst forth into an unextinguishable
flame; and he found it in vain that he
endeavored to conceal his emotion.

The old man regarded him with a
look of earnestness, and said to him--
"Henry, tell me frankly, do you not
love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," re-
plied Henry, conscious that his agita-
tion had betrayed him. "Had I such
a fortune as she merits--as you, sir,
have a right to expect, I should think
myself the happiest of men could I gain
her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the de-
lighted old man. "Say not a word
about property, my boy; true worth is
better than riches. I was only trying
you, Henry--Caroline will never be
married to any other than yourself."

The transition from despair to hap-
piness was great.

For a moment, Henry remained si-
lent; but his looks spoke volumes. At
last, said he,

"I scorn so deceive you sir; I am
poorer than what you suppose--I have
another and a grandfather who are--"

"I know it, I know it all," replied
Mr. D., interrupting him, "I know the
reason of your parsimony, as I call it,
and I honor you for it--it was that
which first put it in my head to give
you Caroline--so she shall be yours,
and may God bless you both!"

Shortly after this conversation, Hen-
ry avowed his love to Caroline, solici-
ted her hand, and it is needless to say
that he did not solicit in vain. Car-
oline would have deferred their union
until the succeeding spring; but her
father was inexorable. He supposed
he should have to own one falsehood,
he said, and they would willingly have
him shoulder two; but it was too much
entirely, and he would not endure it.
He had told Henry she was going to
be married in five weeks, and he
should not forfeit his word--but, per-

haps," added he, apparently recollect-
ing himself, and turning to Henry,
"perhaps we shall have to defer it, af-
ter all, for you have important busi-
ness in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smil-
ing, "I did not wish to witness the
sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gen-
tleman, "and for that reason would
not wish to put you to the inconve-
nience of staying. You said that you
would willingly oblige me, but you
could not, indeed you could not."

"You have once been young, sir,"
said Henry.

"I know it," replied he, laughing
heartily, "but I am afraid too many of
us old folks forget it--however, if you
can postpone your journey, I suppose
we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends
of Henry were sent for, and the nup-
tials solemnized at the appointed time;
and that, blessed with the filial love of
Henry and Caroline, the old people
passed the remainder of their days in
peace and happiness.

SPRING.

O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When leaves and plants are growing;
When the joyous birds in the green wood sing
And gales o'er the hills are blowing.

And I love, I love the musical note
Of waters that swift through the valleys float,
Their way to the far sea taking;
My spirit it thrills with a holy thought,
And my heart with a gentle love is fraught,
Amid the young years waking.

O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When morn is newly bearing,
And the larks aloft on their missions wing,
Their praise through the ether streaming.

And I love, I love the refreshing breeze,
The lowing herds, and the green trees,
And the fields of glistening flowers,
The sun rejoices o'er valley and stream,
The mountains he tips with a golden beam,
And lights the budding bowers.

O! I love, I love the beautiful Spring,
When the day is calmly closing,
And the flowers abroad their fragrance fling,
On the twilight air reposing.

And I love, I love from the hawthorn tree,
The gush of the nightingale's melody,
While the moonbeams quiet are sleeping;
When peace like a veil o'er the landscape lies,
And the earth smells sweet as the balmy skies
Their dew-drop tears are weeping.

Mr. Mason has been elected to the
Senate by the Democracy of Virginia
on the ground that it was necessary
to vindicate the Fugitive Slave bill, of
which he was the author. Mr. Fill-
more signed that bill and made it a
law. In the eyes of those who oppose
it, he alone is responsible for it. Sen-
ator Wilson said, the other day, in
Massachusetts, that his right hand
was red with the Fugitive. If Mr.
Mason's election was necessary for the
reason that he introduced this bill into
Congress--how much more necessary
is that of Mr. Fillmore, who sanction-
ed, signed, and was the first to enforce
it! If the friends of Mr. Mason were
sincere in the reason they urged in his
behalf, they are bound by consistency
and conscience to support Mr. Fill-
more. He is assailed most vehement-
ly and villainously in the North on
this very ground, and the canvass there
is to a considerable extent, one against
the Fugitive Slave Law. Will the
South permit him to be beaten down
on that issue? Will not Southern
Democrats come to his support in such
a conflict?

Ivory.

Few of our lady friends, while they
peep bewitchingly over the tips of their
ivory fans, or ply their fingers so
nimble and gracefully over the white
keys of the piano, are wont to cast a
thought towards the manner in which
the material is produced, the quanti-
ties of it which are annually used, and
the number of noble animals which
are yearly slain for the purpose of
supplying the constantly increasing
demand. Mr. Dalton, a celebrated
Sheffield manufacturer, estimates that
the annual consumption of ivory in
the town of Sheffield alone is about
180 tons, equal in value to £30,000
and requiring the labor of 500 persons
to work it up for trade. The number
of tusks to make up this amount of
ivory is 45,000; and according to this
the number of elephants slaughtered
every year for the supply of the Shef-
field market is 22,500. But suppos-
ing some tusks to be cast and some
animals to have died a natural death,
it may fairly be estimated that 18,000
are killed for the purpose.

The prudent are often mistaken for
cowards, and the fool-hardy consid-
ered brave.

SEEMING FRIENDS.

"Of all the evils that our life attend,
The most heartrending is a treach'rous friend."

Never were truer words spoken--

The poet that penned the couplet a-
bove must certainly have not only seen,
but felt the direful effect of heeding the
smooth, dissembling talk of those
who ostensibly are our nearest and
most tenacious friends, yet possessing
hearts as black as hypocrisy itself--

In the whole catalogue of social evils
which pervade society, there is not one
that so much deserves the contempt
and loathing pity due the thing (he
deserves not to be called a man) "who
but assumes the friend to act the foe."

And such there are in every commu-
nity, who, dead to almost every dictate
of integrity and honor, dead to every
solemn obligation which they owe so-
ciety, walk with prayer-books in their
hands, and hypocrisy in their hearts, to
the house of God, occupy positions
where no one will fail to see them,
and on bended knees,

"Pray upon occasion, talk of Heaven,
Turn up their goggling eye-balls, rail at vice,"
wet their cheeks with artificial tears,
and assume faces to suit all occasions;
and even at home, around the social
home circle, and on the public gang-
way, will, in order to gratify their
own debased natures and envious
feelings, relate, with wonder, rumors
detrimental to the good character of
those who do not precisely please
them in every respect; knowing at the
same time that such rumors are false,
and calculated to injure, with the cred-
ulous, the good names of those unfor-
tunate individuals who are the recipi-
ents of such idle slang.

Persons who, for the want of some-
thing to do, (such are generally street
idlers) can act in no nobler manner
than this, are not worthy the respect
of honorable working people. It is
impossible to find a station low enough
to place such beings in. Although
their names may be legibly enrolled
on the church-book, yet they have only
"Stole the liver of Heaven
To serve the devil in."

Compared with them, the midnight
robber appears lovely, the assassin
honorable, and the devil a saint. Ev-
en the wild untutored Indian would ab-
hor conduct so contemptible. Explore
the earth, search its mountains and
cities, leave not a spot upon its sur-
face unexplored, nor a living creature
unexamined--bring forth the most
hideous and loathsome specimen in ex-
istence, and it would blush to call such
hypocrites companions."

Perhaps this is language of severi-
ty--well, the subject will bear it; it
suits, it fits a certain few, who are to
be found in almost every community.
Would that society could be freed
from such--would that honest men
would give to such their just due by
placing their seal of contempt upon
such conduct--then would we hear
less private slang--then would true
worth, energy and industry, receive
that respect they everywhere merit,
and should everywhere command--

From such friends--
"May guardian spirits keep me free,
Hell-born sons of foul hypocrisy."

THE BACHELOR.

A Bachelor sat by his blazing grate,
And he fell into a snooze,
And he dreamed that o'er his wrinkled pate
Had been thrown the nuptial noose.

And a rosy boy came to his side,
And bounded on his knee,
And back from his beaming face he shook
Fair curls in childish glee.

Then clear rang out his merry voice,
He shouted aloud, "Papa,
I don't love any body else
But you and dear Mamma!"

Oh! the bachelor's heart o'er ran with joy,
So long by love unlit,
And from its unseen depths poured out,
Affection infinite!

Outstretching arms of strength unshorn,
He hugged--HIS OLD TOM CAT,
Which as 'twas wont, when master snoozed,
Had leaped into his lap.

Homely Women.

We like homely women. We have
always liked them. We do not carry
the peculiarity far enough to include
the hideous or positively ugly, for since
beauty and money are the only capi-
tal the world will recognize in wom-
en; they are more to be pitied than
admired; but we have a chivalric, en-
thusiastic regard for plain women--
We never saw one who was not mod-
est, unassuming, and sweet tempered,
and have seldom come across one who
was not virtuous, and had not a
good heart." Made aware early in
life of their want of beauty by the
slighted attentions of the opposite sex,
vanity and affectation never take root
in their hearts; and in the hope to sup-
ply attractions with a capricious na-
ture has denied, they cultivate the
graces of the heart instead of the per-
son, and give to the mind those ac-
complishments which the world so
rarely appreciates in women, but
which are more lasting, and in the
eyes of men of sense more highly prized
than personal beauty. See them at
home, or in the church, and they
are always the same, and the smile
which ever lives upon the face is not
forced there to fascinate, but is the
spontaneous sunshine reflected from a
kind heart--a flower which takes
root in the soul and blooms upon the
lips, inspiring respect instead of pas-
sion, emotions of admiration instead
of feelings of sensual regard. Plain
women make good wives, good moth-
ers, cheerful homes, and happy hus-
bands, and we never see one but we
thank Heaven that it has kindly cre-
ated women of sense as well as beau-
ty for it is seldom a female is found
possessing both. To homely women
we, therefore, lift our "tille" in respect;
the world will extend same courtesy
to beauty. San Francisco has but few
plain women, but all such we intend
to make life subscribers to the Golden
Era, in view of their worth to society.
--San Francisco Golden Era.

"Our devil says he has."

Going Pretty Fast.--An old man
and his son, neither of them very well
informed as to the railroads and their
uses, chanced one day to be at work
in a field near a railroad track. Rail-
roads were a novel "institution" to
them; and when a train of cars shot by,
a thought suggested itself to the lad,
who said to his parent:

"Dad, why don't you take a ride in
the cars some day?"

"Why, I haint got time, my son."

"Got time! Thunder! Ye can go
anywhere in the cars quicker than ye
can stay at home!"

A school teacher named Humphreys,
in Overton county, shot and instantly
killed a man name Wendle, in Living-
ston, on the 4th inst.

Lady (in fashionable dress).--"Lit-
tle boy can I go through this gate to
the river?"

Boy.--"Perhaps. A load of hay
went through this morning."

"I Can't"--Has ruined more ex-
pectation and ardent hope. Let "I will
try" be your motto in whatever you un-
dertake, and if you press onward you
will steadily and surely accomplish
your object, and come off victorious.
Try--keep trying, and you are made
for this world.

Roger Sherman, in his 88th year,
probably the oldest male resident in
New Haven, died on the 5th inst. He
was a son of Hon. Roger Sherman, one
of the signers of the Declaration of In-
dependence.

"I thought you were born on the 1st
of April," said a Benedict to his lovely
wife, who had mentioned the 21st as
her birthday.

"Most people would think so, from
the choice I made of a husband," she
replied.

Advices from Rome state that the
Rev. Dr. Oldham, of the University of
Oxford, has abjured Protestantism and
embraced the Roman Catholic reli-
gion.

A handsome young bride was ob-
served to be in deep reflection on her
wedding day. One of her brides-
maids asked the subject of her med-
itations. "I was thinking," she replied,
which of my old beaux I should marry
in case I should become a widow."

In Memphis on the night of the 20th
inst, Dr. B. W. Thomas, of Napoleon,
Ark., was knocked down, nearly mur-
dered and robbed of \$2,100.